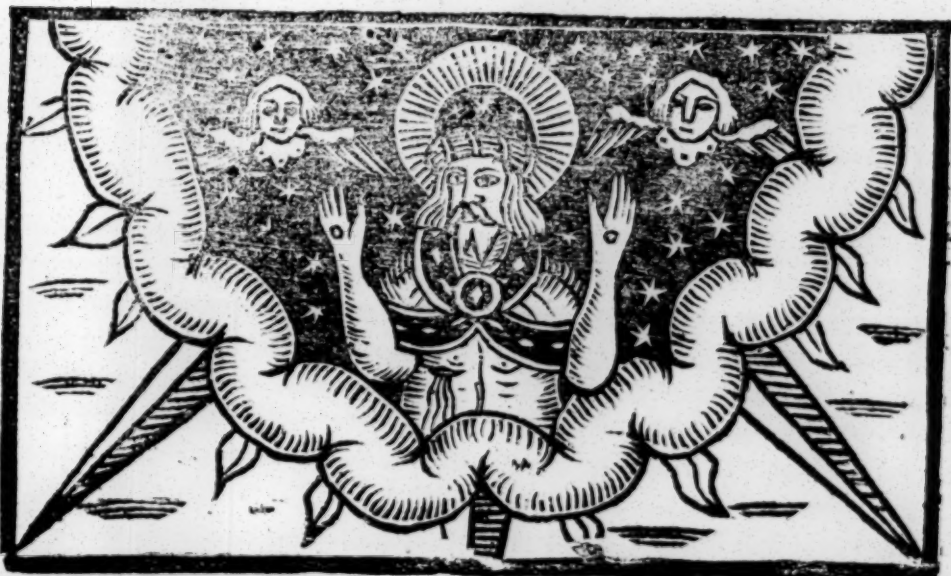


The second Part, to the same Tune.



Turn your eyes that are affixed  
on this worlds deceitful things,  
And with joyes and sorowes mixed  
look upon the King of Kings;  
Who left his Throne,  
With joyes unknown,  
took flesh like ours, like us drew breath,  
For us to dye,  
Here fix your eye,  
and think upon his pretious death.

See him in the Garden praying,  
whilst his sad Disciples slept;  
See him in the Garden sweating,  
drops of blood and how he wept:  
As Man he was,  
He wept (alas)  
and trembling fear'd to lose his breath:  
Yet to heavens will  
He yielded still,  
then think upon his pretious death.

See him by the Soldiers taken  
when with Ave and a kiss,  
He that Heaven had quite forsaken,  
had betray'd him, and with this,  
Behold him (bound  
And guarded round)  
to Caiaphas born to lose his breath:  
There see the Jews  
Heavens King abuse,  
O! think upon his pretious death.

See him in the hands of Pilate,  
like a base offender stripp'd

See the moan and tear: they stie at,  
while they see our Saviour whipp'd.  
Behold him bleed,  
His purple weed,  
record while you have life and breath:  
His taunts and scorn,  
His Crown of thorns,  
O! think upon his pretious death.

See him in the hour of parting,  
hanging on the bloody Cross;  
See his wounds conceive his smarting;  
and our gain by his lifes losse.  
On either side  
A fellow dy'd,  
the one derides him leaving breath,  
The other prays  
And humbly says,  
O save me by thy pretious death.

See how in these pangs he thirsted,  
and that heat to cool did call.  
How these Jews (like Judas cursed)  
bring him Vinegar and Gall:  
His Spirit then  
To heaven again,  
commending with his latest breath:  
The world he leaves,  
That man deceives,  
O think upon his pretious death.

FINIS.

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